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heights may be the only universal fear."

Some new hires, otherwise as tough as hickory ax handles, find that clambering up the outside of a tower and leaning backward into space, with nothing but death below in case of a mishap, is so terrifying that they can't tolerate even one full day of the work. Perhaps it's because tower construction goes on without benefit of the safety nets sometimes used in other types of high-up work, like high-rise construction. And a tumble off the side isn't the only threat to life. Towers are narrow, high-performance structures more vulnerable to errors and accidents during work than are buildings or bridges. The world's tallest tower, at 2,120 feet, crashed to the ground in Poland during a 1991 attempt to replace rusting guy wires.

For those willing to put up with the risks, there are certain dividends. There's plenty of fresh air and the vistas are second to none. "You have a vantage point like in a jet, only you're stationary and can see in all directions," says Don Doty, president of Doty-Moore Tower Services in Cedar Hill, Texas. "On a calm day it's really a beautiful sensation." Others recount days when they climbed up through clouds, emerging with their heads in the clear and their legs still in fog. "Sometimes you can see waves coming at you in the cloud banks," says Nate McIlhaney, a steeplejack and tower hand now based in Golden, Colorado. "There's a certain thrill to it," he adds, "but you have to appreciate that you can die. I remember a foreman asking me, 'Are you scared about this?' I said, 'Yep!' And he said, 'Good! That'll keep you alive. If you stop being scared, you're in trouble.'"

Visiting a convention of tower erectors in Arizona, I hear comparisons to picturesque occupations—cowboys on a trail drive, suggests one; mountain climbers, offers another—but I'd class them with sailors from the windjammer era. They talk of going "aloft," they work in all weather, and they need to understand rigging and knots as well as any bos'n.

Finally, like sailors, tower hands stay out from home for long tours of duty, returning only for holidays. "Our crews are out 40 weeks a year, and then people don't understand why they want two weeks off at Christmas," says Bill Carlson, president of Tower Systems Inc., in Watertown, South Dakota. Tower Systems' employees travel from state to state in company trucks, and so typically have no wheels of their own for cruising at night or to steer back home for a weekend break. And, in fact, tower-erection crews on the road usually have no weekends at all. The distance from home, the need to take advantage of good weather, and the expense of keeping employees on the road often conspire to make seven-day workweeks of 60, 80, even 90 hours. It can make a tower hand feel that life is passing him by. Mike Allen,

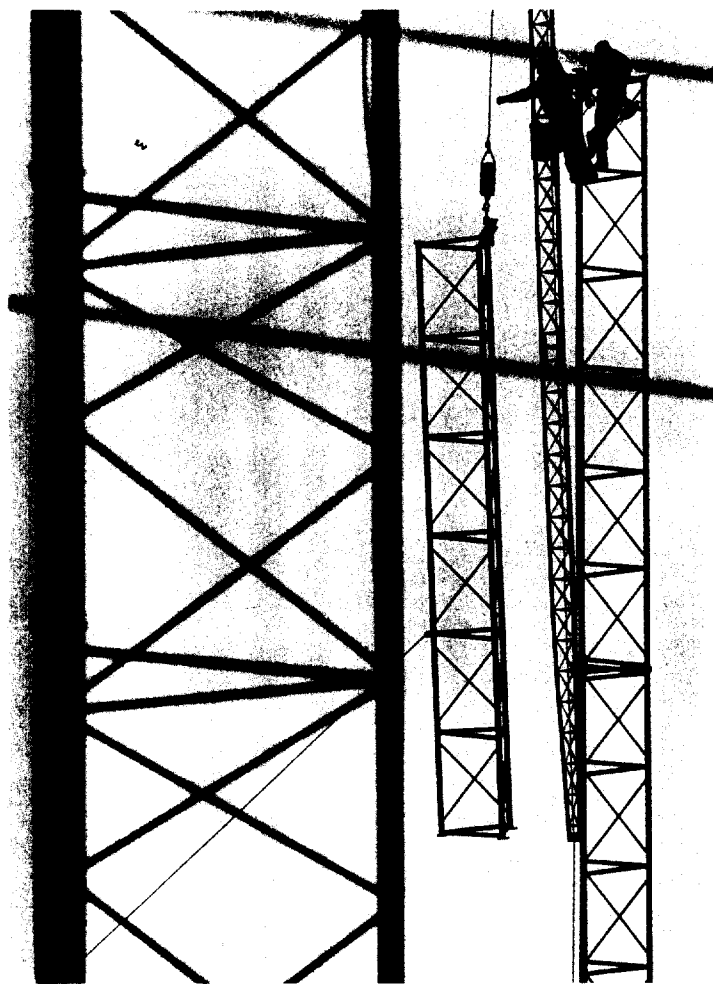
who worked for Carlson's company, says it can be awfully difficult "when you're going down the road and you see families on vacation with the kids in back. That kind of gets to you." As he hitches a ride in my van to a construction site, Allen suggests, "Would you please put in your article that our women shouldn't get so mad that we're gone all the time? If the company'd pay us better, we'd even bring 'em along!"

A week later, I hear the same complaint from Butch Strickland of Strickland Tower Service: "If we didn't have woman problems," he observes to his crew, "we wouldn't have no problems a'tall." There is general agreement from Charlie Carroll, spare of form but with a voice that's bigger than life; Gerry Lane, private in his ways, a newcomer to the trade and determined to be a good hand; and Danny Baldivia, a truck driver who spent years working with Butch and Charlie in the oil fields of West Texas and who is here filling in with ground duties until Hector Bermea, Butch's lead tower worker, returns from a trip to Abilene. All are in their late 30s and all have children. "On the road, you work seven days—that's why I got divorced," Butch says. "If it was up to me, I'd still be married, but it wasn't." His company builds and maintains towers in several different states.

The first time I see Butch's crew in action, the men are sprinting across the pasture in front of my car as I drive into the construction area. Perhaps a footrace, I speculate, or an impromptu football game. Then the men pull up at a guy-wire anchor, grab a set of tools and go to work adjusting tension on a cable. Charlie leapfrogs onto Gerry's shoulders and uses the extra height to adjust a cable clamp.

I learn this Friday afternoon that while the tower hands don't usually sprint from task to task, moderate weather like today makes them hustle. And this 500-foot tower job is under a "drop-deadline." Under ideal conditions, Butch tells me, the steel could have gone up in three days. But this job, which first received a permit in late November and had gone under construction the week before Christmas, had dragged on for nearly a month since then, in the face of shipment mix-ups, high winds and icing. At this point the Strickland crew is about 120 feet short of finishing this tower. Under a provision of the new federal telecommunications law, the station has only until February 8, or about three weeks, to start broadcasting. Otherwise it will lose its license, as well as the construction permit that co-owner Tom Crane has spent five years wrestling from the FCC.

To make sure the transmitter and copper antenna would arrive without fail from the East Coast, Crane's partner, Paul Beane, had driven eight straight days there and back in a rental truck. Mission accomplished, Paul spends much of

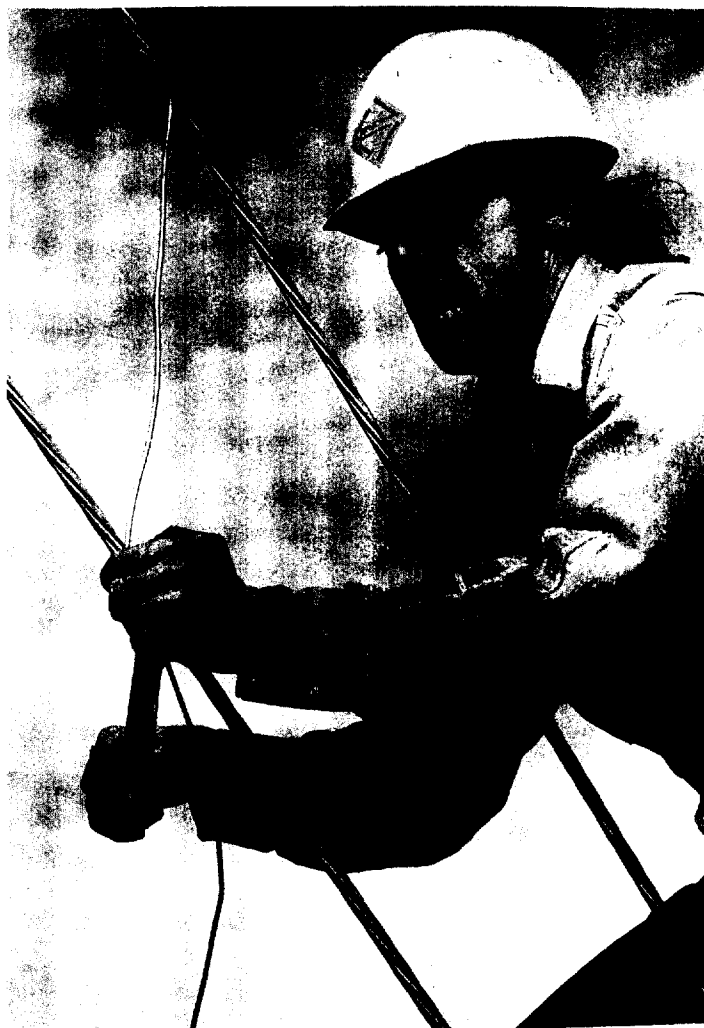


Near a completed tower, left, a section is hoisted 260 feet aloft to a new one being built by Strickland Tower Service. Sections are raised by means of the "gin pole" fastened to the side.

Back at the Strickland shop in Abilene, Texas, Charlie Carroll does a welding job on a headache ball, which weighs some 200 to 300 pounds.



Grounded by fierce winds, Bermea and Gerry Lane sit on the leeward side of the supply truck, swapping stories as they make up butterfly clamps.



Cursing as always when putting out 100 percent, Carroll installs grounding wire near a guy-wire anchor, one of the last jobs to be done on the 500-foot tower. Some 90 feet of wire is used to protect the tower against damage from lightning strikes.

*Singers may call
the wind "Mariah,"
but to tower workers
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every day in this pasture, taking a break from his two other businesses to make sure the tower is finished on time. Puttering here and encouraging there, fielding calls on the cell phone jammed in the back pocket of his overalls, Paul counts the days and feet remaining. "I'm not the kind who likes to wait for bad news," he explains, smoothing back his long, silvery hair.

Erection has changed very little from the methods that were used to put up the first big wave of TV towers in the 1950s. No helicopters or big cranes are usually necessary. This tower, bought used from an oil company, had arrived in 20-foot steel sections that stand up vertically and bolt together at the ends. The crew uses a small derrick slung off the top of the structure—called a gin pole, in traditional rigging lingo—to hold the sections a few feet from the tower as the winch pulls them up.

Butch runs the winch truck with its slow-turning cable drums; Danny stays on the ground with him and handles a yellow nylon "tag line" that keeps the loads from bashing into the tower on the way up; and Gerry and Charlie are lashed atop the tower to manhandle each arriving section into place and bolt it down. After every 80 feet of tower, the two men must come down and help run three guy wires out to their anchor points. Once the guy wires are cinched to the proper tension—up to 2,750 pounds—the two are free to go back up and install more tower sections. When climbing, they pause every 40 feet or so and hook their safety belts to the ladder rungs. Counting such safety breaks, the climb takes more than a half-hour.

I watch as a white-painted section leaves the ground on a cable, rising at a sedate couple of feet per second. Singers may call the wind "Mariah," and it gets sailboat owners where they want to go, but to tower workers it's just trouble, catching loads and swinging them into danger. The low winch speed gives Butch a safety margin to stop the load if a gust of wind were to swing a section toward the tower or, worse, hang it up under a guy wire.

The biggest chunk of metal on a tower job is the gin pole, which has to be shifted frequently to follow the top of the tower as it rises. "Movin' the gin pole is the most dangerous part of the whole expedition," Butch explains.

A failed gin pole led to a broken guy wire 15 years ago in



In front of the transmitter building for the Ropesville tower, a microwave antenna dish awaits its trip to the top as the crew hustles in the cold January dusk.

Missouri City, Texas, bringing down an 1,800-foot tower and killing five men. And a 1,551-foot tower roared into the ground last year in Cedar Hill, Texas, during an operation to move the gin pole. Two workers fell 1,300 feet straight down; one man was propelled off to the side by the enormous stresses of the collapse, landing 600 yards away. The avalanche of steel, plummeting from such a great height, scattered debris for hundreds of feet and so thoroughly pulverized a pickup truck parked a hundred feet away, according to Lieut. Jim Zerban of the city's police department, that only a hood ornament could identify the model.

Everything about towers a third of a mile high is ponderous. The guy wires on the Strickland tower are a half-inch in diameter; the wires for the tallest ones are two to three inches thick. According to Don Doty, whose company specializes in tall-tower work and also employed the three men killed at Cedar Hill, the structural steel for a 1,600-foot tower weighs 750 tons and takes six to eight workers a half-year to put up. Just laying out all the sections

before construction can fill a good-sized field.

"Tag!" comes the call from Charlie, up top, and Danny pulls a little harder on the tag line to ease a rising section away from the tower. Charlie loves his part of the action, and yet little about stacking steel in January looks like fun to me. There's no windbreak against the stiff breeze, and Charlie wears no gloves up there, even in near-freezing temperatures. Gloves, he says, make it more likely he'll drop something or lose his grip when handling a rope.

I amble over to take up a position behind Butch, who is standing at the winch controls alongside his red truck. He is wearing denims and a striped shirt, his neck burned by sun and wind to the consistency of a leather harness. Butch competed on the rodeo circuit as a young man, giving it up after a bull stomped on his foot. He spent the next eight years driving trucks in the oil fields and then returned to the job he knew in high school, building towers with his dad, Virgil. "In our family, work's always been first," Butch says.

"We got us some sky today, boy!" says Gerry as the men gather up their tools at sunset, and Butch adds that one more good day should be enough to complete the tower.

Waiting for Butch to finish up whatever he's doing in the



The Strickland guys—(left to right) Charlie Carroll, Butch Strickland, Hector Bermea and Gerry Lane—look like tough characters, but on the job the good-natured ribbing never stops.

transmitter building so we can head for town, the rest of us relax on a pile of concrete forms and tune in to the Charlie Show. In less than 15 minutes, Charlie covers the following ground: three or four unprintable jokes; why he should have a comedy special on HBO; the owls and hawks that will be nesting on the tower; why he's leaving tower work to take a job as maintenance man in a trailer park; why he liked *Dark Shadows*; how much his youngest daughter loves a plate of fried mushrooms at the truck stop; and his former job as a "swamper," or rigger, for a company that hauled drilling tools in the oil fields. According to Charlie, the swampers amused themselves late at night by leaping back and forth between the trailers as the rigs thundered along.

After dinner is Butch's time to catch up on paperwork at the motel and call his girlfriend, Kitt, back in Abilene. I ask Butch at one point how his romance is going, with him in this line of work. "She don't worry none about the towers," he says. "It's the part after work she's concerned about. So I tell her, 'Oh, those Lubbock gals, they don't want to get married. They just want the honeymoon.'"

I ask Charlie what his plans are. "Oh, I got my two daughters," he replies, "and I guess that's married enough."

When we meet in Ropesville the next morning, Charlie and Gerry go up the tower but return to the ground a few minutes later, shaking their heads. "It's howlin' up there," Charlie reports. Butch nods. "I seen how it was," he agrees. "No problem, Charlie. Don't you worry about it."

"It's not worth dyin' over," Charlie tells me later. "None of it is."

In late morning Butch keeps his crew occupied assembling clamps that will attach cables to the tower. The men shelter from the cold wind in the back of Paul's rental truck, swapping stories about Butch's dad, Virgil, who started the company in 1973, painting towers at a dollar a foot. Trained by the Army as a paratrooper, Virgil was no stranger to heights. Charlie recalls how Virgil once offered a job to an acquaintance: "So Virgil says to him, 'If you're afraid of dyin', I don't want you on my crew.' And the guy says, '[Bleep] you, Virgil! I don't want to [bleeping] work for you anyway.'"

The tumbleweeds roll on by, the wind never lets up and the sun sets on a tower that's no higher than it was the day before. "This job has really put me behind," Butch tells me. "But we got good customers—they understand, they'll wait till we're free."



It's a 20-minute hike to the top of a radio tower for routine maintenance; climbing the tallest towers, some 2,000 feet up, can take a couple of hours.

"Gol' dang," says Paul to no one in particular as the collision lights wink on that evening. "All we needed was 80 feet more." Gerry asks Butch if he can "sleep in" until 6:35 the next morning, a Sunday, and they all laugh raucously at the thought. It sounds like a good idea to me, but the crew is out on the Ropesville job at sunrise anyway.

The day warms and the tumbleweeds stay where they are. Another section goes up easily, but then Charlie runs into trouble attaching the guy wires' special fiberglass fitting to the tower. In a bit of unlicensed broadcasting, he bellows down a set of vivid curses to Butch describing the problem. I look over at the St. Francis de Assisi Catholic Church, a few hundred feet away to the south, and hope that they wait a bit longer before leaving the sanctuary, because Charlie's voice really carries. Butch sends up three shackles for the job, tying them to a rope for Charlie to heave up. But it

doesn't work and a new round of epithets tumbles down, at one point inquiring whether Charlie should kick Butch's (bleep) now or later. Butch produces more shackles, and this time it works. The men prepare to drag the wires hanging from the tower out to the anchors, but pause to glance meaningfully at the guy wire and at me. Gerry says, "Well, you can't get a feel for it just by standin' around!" and I find myself grabbing gloves and joining in their tug-of-war against the sag of the heavy cable.

In midafternoon, Charlie finds Tom Crane in the transmitter building, puts on a long face and tells him, "Somethin's gone wrong!" This gets Tom's undivided attention. "What?"

"We've run outa tower!" and Charlie slaps him on the back. Though several days of antenna and electronics work remain, the most weather-sensitive part is over. The path is now clear to get the station on the air, well before the deadline. That evening, we gather at a pickup tailgate and watch the sun go down over Ropesville; Paul and Tom pour out 1988 Dom Perignon into plastic glasses to celebrate. We hoist our glasses to the tower, now standing half in shadow, half in light.

As the Ropesville job winds toward its conclusion, which requires fastening cables and antennas to the completed tower, I hear the men recounting various emergency jobs: when the hands have to turn out in the middle of the night to adjust an antenna twisted off-aim by high winds, or the time that Butch's dad once summoned every tower hand he could

find to a bluff near Abilene, where an ice storm had brought the top 700 feet of a thousand-foot TV tower crashing down. Working night and day to clear away the wreckage and mount a temporary antenna on the stump, and bunking in the station's transmitter building, Virgil Strickland got KTXS back on the air just four hours before the Dallas Cowboys played the Pittsburgh Steelers in the Super Bowl.

So, some windy Sunday night after you turn off the TV, stop to think about this obscure, vertigo-inducing trade. While you're climbing the stairs, a tower hand somewhere is climbing a ladder into the darkness to go to work, as a mountaineer once phrased it, "high in the thin cold air." ■

Author James Chiles and photographer Layne Kennedy, both frequent contributors to SMITHSONIAN, have covered other industrial risk-takers, including high-tech firefighters (May 1992) and oil drillers (March 1991).

EXHIBIT C

NEW YORK TIMES , MAY 4, 1997 ARTICLE

“CREWS ARE SCARCE FOR TV’S HIGH-DANGER TASK”

Crews Are Scarce for TV's High-Danger Task

By JOEL BRINKLEY

In Austin, Tex., construction had to be halted for several months during the nesting season of the golden-cheeked warbler.

In Dallas, a construction accident killed three people because workers had not been properly trained.

And in New York, even the city's tallest skyscrapers may not be up to the task.

For the few companies in the business of building television towers, the prospect of bizarre complications, bureaucratic delays and even fatal mistakes only serve to compound the extraordinary challenge now facing them. Under a federally mandated schedule to usher in digital high-definition television — a timetable that the construction industry says may be impossible to meet — the tower builders are embarking on a crash program across the country to build hundreds of new television towers, at heights up to 2,049 feet, taller than the world's tallest buildings.

The trouble is, across the United States only about a half-dozen crews have the experience and training to put up these towers that can reach nearly a half-mile into the sky.

Together, all of the nation's tower building teams may be able to put up as many as 20 towers a year. But each year for the next four or five years, the broadcast industry is going to call on them to build 100 or more. Broadcasters and tower builders call it a Sisyphean mission. And if they do not succeed, many of the new digital stations will be years late going on the air.

"I don't see how we can get it

Continued on Page 21



Mark Perlstein for The New York Times

Television stations are in a rush to accommodate antennas for digital service. In a Dallas suburb, a tower is being built for KXAS-TV.

Television Embarks on a High-Stakes, High-Danger Chore

Continued From Page 1

done," said J. C. Kline, president of Kline Towers, one of only three companies in the United States that build television towers. "We just don't have the capacity for this."

Scores of engineers, politicians, lobbyists and bureaucrats spent more than a decade in a tortured, Government-run program to devise the standard for the new generation of television. Now that the standard is set, and the Federal Communications Commission has lent every television station a second channel for the transition to this new service, 1,600 stations have to find places for the antennas that will beam the new programming to their viewers.

Nearly all of them had chosen to defer even thinking about this problem until now, in part because a new tower costs at least \$1,000 a foot, or \$2 million for a 2,000-foot structure.

Digital television does not demand a tower any different from what conventional broadcasting requires. So in many cases, existing towers may suffice. But as many as one-third of the nation's television stations may have to put up new towers because

A deadline makes the problems of digital television more pronounced.

their existing ones are loaded to capacity with antennas for television and radio stations, cellular phone providers and other communications systems. For these fully loaded towers, even one more antenna — along with up to 2,000 feet of fat copper cable leading to it — would add more weight than the tower could bear.

Different stations have different height requirements for their towers, depending on terrain and the distance to the city's farthest suburbs. The higher the tower, the farther the signal's reach. But 2,049 feet is the tallest tower allowed by Federal law.

The National Association of Broadcasters and Tom Vaughan, an industry consultant who specializes in towers, say their recent surveys of the nation's television stations indicate that 500 to 700 of them will need new towers. And while some broadcast executives think those numbers may be a bit too high, most of the stations have hired engineering firms to determine whether their existing towers can be reinforced or modified or whether entirely new structures are necessary.

But whatever the final number of new towers turns out to be, broadcast executives know the sheer national scope of the task will be daunting.

"It's something the world has never had to face up to before," said Bob O. Niles, who is in charge of the tower-building program for ABC, which owns 10 stations and expects to erect new spires for two of them.

"It's a serious problem."

One of the ABC stations, in Philadelphia, is joining forces with the CBS station there to build a tower on land that has already been set aside for television towers.

But in most other metropolitan areas, site selection will not be as easy. In New York, for example, executives for the region's 12 television stations know there is no room to add more antennas to the existing towers atop the World Trade Center. And so they are exploring several possible solutions: persuading the Port Authority to let them build a shorter, third tower beside those already on the World Trade Center; sharing CBS's auxiliary tower on top of the Empire State Building; finding other tall buildings in New York that can support towers, or building a 2,000-foot freestanding tower somewhere near Manhattan.

But each of these ideas faces its own formidable engineering and bureaucratic problems.

"Nobody is really sure yet which way we are going to go," said Lev Pope, who is running an intra-industry committee that is trying to solve New York City's tower problem.

Until early last month, the tall-tower industry had been a sleepy little business that had been depressed since the early 1980's, when growth in the television industry slowed. In recent years, Kline along with its two friendly rivals — LeBlanc Communications Inc. and Stainless Inc. — have together been called upon to build maybe 10 or 15 tall towers a year, as new stations have gone on the air and existing stations have occasionally replaced towers.

Building towers is rugged, skilled, dangerous work, and "right now I would be surprised if even a dozen crews in all of North America have the training to do it," said John Miller, president of LeBlanc.

And that is just one of the problems.

The challenge begins when a station tries to find suitable land. Most television towers in use today were built in the 1950's or 60's. Some were placed right next to the stations; others were put up in corn fields or pastures on the edge of town.

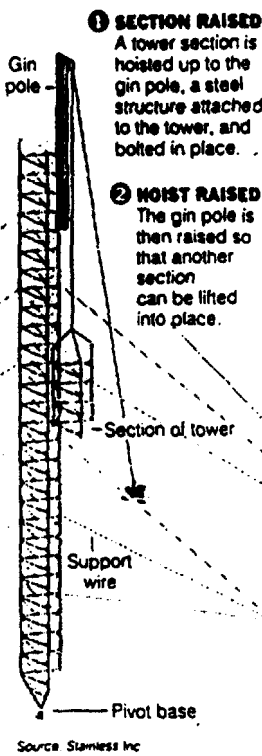
In the years since, insurance companies have begun to require television stations building towers to use land large enough that the tower can fall in any direction without hitting anything — meaning that in some cases a circular plot with a diameter of 4,000 feet is needed. Towers do in fact fall on occasion. Seven of them collapsed during a storm in Minnesota and North Dakota last month. No one was injured.

The new insurance requirement makes it unlikely that many stations will be able to build towers next to their offices. And sites outside town have their own problems. Since the 50's, the suburbs have grown up around the towers — and beyond.

In Denver, for example, where one or more new towers for digital antennas will be needed, "all the broadcasters put their towers up on a mountain outside town 35 years ago," said Robert J. Ross, the CBS

Taller TV Towers

Within the next four to five years, several hundred television towers must be built as part of the conversion to new digital broadcasting. Each tower, up to 2,049 feet tall, will cost at least \$1,000 a foot and take three to nine months to build. Here is how they are constructed:



The New York Times

vice president who is running the network's tower-building program.

"Back then it was just pine trees and dirt roads with lots of switchbacks. But now there are a lot of million-dollar homes out there."

As a result, the area's zoning has changed, "and we can barely touch the existing towers without lawyers and variance hearings," Mr. Ross added.

"I don't know how we're going to get a new one up," he said.

Once a station does find a large plot of land for a tower, the next set of challenges will begin: winning permission to build it. Nobody, it seems, wants a tower in the backyard.

"It's easier to get permission to build a prison," quipped Joseph Flaherty, a senior vice president for CBS.

David Brotzman, administrator of the National Association of Tower Erectors, said a recent project in Blooming Prairie, Minn., had to be relocated at the last minute when environmentalists complained that it was going up in the migratory flight

path of a certain breed of duck.

And in San Francisco, residents complain about the suspected ill effects of the radio waves emanating from the antennas — though there is no proof that television signals, digital or otherwise, are hazardous.

San Francisco's 10 local stations plan to add antennas for digital broadcasts to an existing tower at the Sutro tower complex atop a ridge just above the city's Twin Peaks neighborhood. "But I guarantee it will be held up," Mr. Ross said.

"A few years ago, we wanted to build just an addition to the building there, and residents came out of the woodwork talking about all kinds of cancers, all kinds of headaches," he added. The project was scrapped.

There has been little public discussion of the plan to add antennas at Sutro, and at ABC, Mr. Niles said, "We don't know what will happen when the public finds out about this."

Assuming residents can be calmed and other Government agencies, including the Federal Aviation Administration, grant approval (another trouble-fraught process) the station then faces its greatest challenge: building the tower.

Mr. Miller of the LeBlanc tower company estimates that "there are maybe 400 tower erector crews in the U.S." But nearly all of those, he added, are trained only to put up cellular-telephone towers that are usually just a couple of hundred feet tall. Many can be raised with a standard construction crane.

"There's a world of difference between that and putting up tall towers," Mr. Miller said. The task is easy to describe, but dangerously difficult to execute. Tower building crews are led by two people — the "top man," who works atop the tower as it goes up, and the crew chief, who runs the operation from the ground. New pieces of the structure are hoisted to the top with winches and pulleys that are fastened to the uppermost part of the structure, and the top man supervises the workers who bolt each beam into place.

"To train a new top man takes a couple of years," Mr. Miller said.

Once trained, "the top man and the crew chief have to be a closely coupled, experienced team," said Art Allison, the tower expert at the National Association of Broadcasters, "because if they're not and something goes wrong, somebody's going to die."

And in fact, in Dallas last October three people did die while working on a 1,550-foot tower. The structure collapsed when a boom in use at the top broke loose. A Federal Occupational Safety and Health Administration investigation found that the workers were not properly trained.

Mr. Miller said two of the workers had recently moved from working on cell-phone towers. "What this points out loud and clear," he said, "is that you just can't take somebody off short towers and put him on tall towers."

"I'm just afraid, with all this new business, there will be an attempt to speed up this work by putting people in it who don't have the proper foundation."

EXHIBIT D
FAA WEBPAGE

AIRPORTS

[Number of U.S. Airports] [National Airspace System delays]

Number of U.S. Airports* (As of December 31, 1996)

	1996	1995	1994
Total Airports	18,292	18,224	18,343
Public Use Airports	5,389	5,415	5,474
# with Paved Runways	3,972	3,970	3,989
# with Unpaved Runways	1,417	1,445	1,485
# with Lighted Runways	4,017	4,023	4,026
# with Unlighted Runways	1,372	1,392	1,448
Private Use Airports	12,903	12,809	12,860
# with Paved Runways	4,246	4,225	4,241
# with Unpaved Runways	8,657	8,584	8,628
# with Lighted Runways	830	815	804
# with Unlighted Runways	12,073	11,994	12,065
Public use airports abandoned	26	51	67
Private use airports abandoned	63	186	293
Certificated Airports**	671	667	672
Civil	577	572	577
Military	94	95	95

*Certificated airports serve Air Carrier Operations with aircraft seating more than 30 passengers. (FAR Part 139).

**Includes civil and joint civil-military airports, heliports, STOLports, and seaplane bases in the U.S. and its territories.

(1) Preliminary

As of: 12/31/96

Source: AAS-330

267-8752

National Airspace Total System Delays

Year	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sep	Oct
1997	21,588	15,995	15,055	17,453	19,177					
1996	25,082	18,955	18,598	19,305	22,200	29,776	25,544	24,203	25,422	21,4
1995	22,962	14,148	18,217	17,237	19,567	24,349	21,506	21,326	16,512	17,8
1994	27,077	17,069	16,418	20,781	16,854	24,244	30,997	23,977	15,358	16,4
1993	27,385	22,894	30,526	21,889	18,079	22,789	21,200	24,743	24,121	21,9

Percent Increase Compared to same period 1996 -14.28%

Delays of 15 minutes or longer

Source: ATO-300
267-7572

As of: 5/31/97

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US Department of Transportation
Federal Aviation Administration